**Finally going my way**

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# Finally going my way

by Nalyra

Summary

Waiting for the dragon, when all the walls are down... :)

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Not (overly) explicitly tagged for gifting reasons, m/m explicit smut, guys. :P

Notes

My gift for azuresky_lecter, who won my giveaway on tumblr and gave me this prompt:

"Hannibal and Will waiting for Francis in the safe house. Our Hanni being possesive/extra jealous about Will abandoning him for 3 years and marrying Molly. And of course a smutty end."

I really enjoyed writing it, I think it works even within canon, which I personally like. :)

I do hope you like it! Thank goodness you prompted "angst with happy ending" as well^^, because there is definitely angst and some power play in here (*rolls eyes at self*).
And a happy ending as much as a missing scene "before THAT scene" can be.... :P

See the end of the work for more notes

It’s musty. The furniture is covered, the gray light streaming in through the big windows illuminating them like ghosts, waiting for them. Will steps close slowly, his hand coming up to trace the covering of the chairs gently. He can feel Hannibal watch him, like a prickling in his neck, suddenly as quietly intense as he was almost painfully chipper outside, calling out Will’s bluff so easily, brutally. Will wonders for a moment what kind of precautions have been set up and then lets the thought go, his world narrowing down to the here and now, to them, once more dancing their dance. Or whatever you want to call the back and forth they do in the mercurial relationship they somehow managed to rekindle so easily. Too easily.

Will swallows and then rolls his shoulders, trying to erase the slight stiffness in his back from the drive, the time in the car spent talking about anything and nothing, never even brushing close to anything consequential, the words „going my way“ echoing hollowly through Will’s head. He isn’t stupid, the hidden or better not hidden at all meaning that Hannibal threw his way not even surprising. Not really. Not given their history. Will swallows and then releases a deep breath, closing his eyes as he feels Hannibal step near.

Hannibal steps up to him slowly, his steps loud in the quiet of the room and Will has to suppress a shiver at the openly transmitted intent, his eyes trained on the turbulent sky outside. There is the sensation of body heat so close, and Will is hyperaware of Hannibal standing so close that he could fall back against him with only a slight tip of his weight. He tilts his head down and sideways a bit, not quite looking back, only acknowledging and he -feels- Hannibal lean forward even more, inhaling. It makes the hair on Will’s neck stand up and he swallows against the lump in his throat, forcing the sound that wants to break free down. There is a whisper of cloth and Will closes his eyes as Hannibal pulls the sheet off the chair, stepping back with it almost nonchalantly, folding it over his arm.
He steps around Will and pulls the others off as well and Will watches him, seemingly unable to move even a finger. He watches the way Hannibal moves in that stupid jump suit, how it makes him seem chubby somehow, an effect Will is sure was exactly what Alana had in mind, especially since his face definitely shows signs of weight loss. Will looks up to Hannibal’s hair for a moment, almost dispassionately noticing the silver, the light glinting off it, mixing with the low light of lamps that Hannibal has turned on coming in. He is startled when Hannibal breaks the silence without looking up, voice deceptively soft, not really asking.

„How did you think I would look after years in prison?“

Will swallows, his hand clenching on the back of the chair for a moment.

„I … do not know.“

Hannibal smirks a bit wryly, pulling off the last covering.

„Was it easy to forget me?“

Will grinds his jaw for a moment, almost hissing through clenched teeth, utterly furious for a moment.

„As easy as for you to saw into my head I believe.“

Hannibal hesitates for a moment, his dark eyes coming up for a moment, before lowering again, his face relaxing into an almost genial expression again. Utterly fake. Will clicks his tongue, raising his chin a bit, carefully returning to a neutral tone.

„I tried.“

Hannibal raises his eyes again, blackish red, burning.

„I had just killed for you.“

Will snorts, ignoring the pang in his chest.

„You had just killed for yourself. Saving me was part of the deal for your freedom.“

Pain. Fury. It shows on Hannibal’s face for just an instant and Will’s heart beats hard in his chest, once, feeling the emotion as acutely as if it were his own. Hannibal slowly walks around the table and chairs up to him, stopping close to Will, smoothing the wrinkles of the cloth in his hands out. He purses his lips and Will turns his head, locking their gazes, swallowing. Hannibal tilts his head slightly, narrowing his eyes, voice very soft.

„I will shower now. I suggest you do the same. There are clothes in the left bedroom that should fit you.“

Hannibal hesitates, his eyes flitting over Will’s features unashamedly, ice-cold and scorching. He smirks, teeth flashing for a moment.

„We still have a few hours left, after all.“

Hannibal clicks his tongue very lightly and then he is gone, leaving Will to stand there, his heart beat drumming hard in his chest.

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„Do you think this is funny?!“

Will’s tone is acerbic, biting, anger and fury and -something- having propelled him here, into Hannibal’s en-suite bathroom, still unshowered, currently not giving a flying fuck.
Hannibal pokes his head out from behind the milk-glass shower wall, droplets of water running down his face. He narrows his eyes at Will, perfectly emulating the tone Will used after he ‚dropped the mic‘ in prison.

„Funny? No.“

He pulls his head back and Will gapes at the empty spot, seeing the shadow move inside the stall, the mirror fogging up slowly. Will snarls and then stalks forward, his vision pulsing red. His hand hits the glass hard, reverberating, rattling the encasement. Will growls the words out, emphasizing each word with a punch to the glass.

„You tried to kill my wife and son, Hannibal."

For long seconds only the water running down echoes between them and then Hannibal's head reappears, the expression on his face deeply serious, eyes dark.

„They were never a fitting replacement, Will. As you well know."

Will gapes at him for a long moment and then hits the glass again, feeling a small satisfaction when a crack appears in it. Hannibals eyes flick to it and then return to Will, gaze dark. Will leans close, eyes flashing blue, hissing the words.

„Well, looks like the insanity plea was fitting after all, you are at the very least delusional."

Hannibal tilts his head and Will knows what will happen and he just waits, sees Hannibal shift back a bit, his left shoulder and arm appearing. Hannibals hand comes close slowly, almost as if hesitating to touch a skittish animal, and Will waits, vibrating with anger. Hannibal's hand closes on the front of his throat, his thumb stroking Will's skin, leaving dampness behind. The fingers press in and Will allows it, his eyes burning into Hannibal's pressing the words through the restriction, raw.

„Go ahead, finish it. Guess you can make a steak out of me to eat before the Dragon comes."

Hannibal's eyes flash and for a moment Will thinks he actually will and then all the fight leaves his eyes, dimming down while Will watches. His hand drops from Will's throat and he swallows, returning to the shower spray and Will stumbles back against the sink, bracing against it, panting harshly in the humid air. He closes his eyes for a long time, his emotions a turbulent mess, the metal on his left ring finger cold heat.

The shower stops and Will opens his eyes, seeing Hannibal step out of the shower from the corner of his eyes, reaching for a towel. He inhales deeply, feeling exhausted suddenly, needing the truth out.

„It wasn't a lie, Hannibal. Isn't. My marriage. It was… is something I dare to feel… I couldn't… I couldn't see it. I didn't… I didn't dare to see it. I couldn't… I wouldn't let myself believe you could…"

Will trails off, licking his lips, blinking furiously to keep the sudden, unbidden tears at bay. He smirks at Hannibal, painfully, his face a grimace, keeping his eyes firmly on he floor.

„Bedelia helped me see it, can you believe it. From the expression on her face I think she thinks us both dumb as bread."

He can hear the soft sounds of the towel dragging over Hannibal's skin, the only sound between them for long moments. He closes his eyes when he hears and feels Hannibal step

close, carefully hanging the towel onto the drying rack, the body heat so close irritating in intensity.

Hannibal sighs softly and then taps the towel rack twice with his right forefinger, before clicking his tongue again in a rare show of indecision before he presses on, obviously taking a page from Will's book.

„I wanted them dead so you would have no one but me to turn to."

Will gasps, his eyes opening again, unseeing, the emotional impact of the anticipated admission easily felt as harsh as a punch to the gut, crossing his arms over his stomach, over -his- smile, bending slightly over. He presses the words out, tasting salty in his mouth, shivering.

„I never thought you'd be this jealous, this… petty. I didn't think you'd care that way."

Hannibal sighs through his nose, his hand flexing at the edge of Will's vision. He turns to Will slowly, unashamed in his nakedness, though Will couldn't care less right now, his vision distorting and clearing in intervals. Hannibal's voice is tired, and infuriatingly understanding, though raw and harsh somehow, breaking Will's chest open.

„You could not see it because you are too close, Will. You can not see it properly, still, because you think you do not feel the same."

Will closes his eyes once more, feeling like falling. He more feels than hears Hannibal sigh softly, tone too kind, though cold as steel.

„Enough. You had me wait for you for three years. No more."

He steps right up to Will and reaches up, his hands pulling the lapels of Will's jacket slightly apart. He pushes his right leg in between Will's and Will swallows and then opens his eyes again, locking gazes with him. Hannibal pulls himself near, the space between them crackling with electricity, his voice a challenge.

„Yes, or no."

Will swallows, eyebrows raising for a moment, light-headed from the implications, enforced by the heat pressing against his hip.

„What if I've never…"

Hannibal narrows his eyes, interrupting him.

„Does it matter?"

Will almost snorts and whispers something suspiciously close to ‚fuck you' and Hannibal grins slightly, watching almost sharklike as Will pulls at his ring, the click as he puts it down next to the sink almost thundering between them. Hannibal leans close to Will's left ear, lips almost skimming the lobe, sending shivers everywhere.

„Very well. Not now though. Now, I will have -you-.“

Will gasps, turning into a full body jerk when Hannibal pushes his tongue into Will’s ear, the sensation inexplicably disgusting -and- beyond erotic, his blood rushing south, leaving his head spinning. Hannibal clenches his fists into Will’s lapels and then drags his teeth along Will’s jaw, the stubble rasping. Will stops breathing when Hannibal pushes over his chin, the sensations beyond intense. His hands skid along the slick surface of the sink, looking for purchase, not daring to hold onto Hannibal, his eyes unfocused. Hannibal breathes onto his lips, the words in a foreign language not understood, not meant for Will anyway, but clawing at his soul. Hannibal nips at Will’s lower lip with his own, a moan stealing itself out, though Will cannot tell whose it is, feeling dangerously close to losing control. Hannibal draws back a bit and looks down at his mouth, licking his own lips and Will mewls softly, vaguely aware of being astounded by the sound, seeming so raw. Hannibal groans at the sound and it sparks a low fire in Will’s gut, his smile a fiery path across his stomach.

He pulls up his hands, shaking slightly, letting them drop lightly onto Hannibal’s damp shoulders, feeling the muscles and bones shift as Hannibal adapts his stance slightly. There is a moment of -something- and then Hannibal’s mouth descends on his, taking his breath. It’s heat and electricity and instant need, wet and deep and teeth, giving and taking, harshly. There is no thought in Will’s brain except more, no need bigger than deepening the kiss impossibly further, the fleeting taste of „them“ addictive and elusive, an impossible chase. Will groans into the kiss, changing the angle, giving as good as he gets and he feels the effect against his hip, making him shiver.

Hannibal growls into his mouth, his hands dropping lower now to Will’s hips, gripping tightly. Will gasps when he is pulled up slightly, the hands on his hips pushing him up on the sink, before pulling his legs up, bringing them both in full alignment, naked skin against cloth. Hannibal bites into his lips now, just on this side of brutal, just not breaking skin, rearing slightly back after a second, eyes glittering.

„I wish to taste you…“

Will groans, the implied threat no turn-off and a part of him wonders at that but he dismisses the thought right away, finally feeling comfortable enough to fire back, licking his lips.

„Only if we want Francis to know what we’ve been up to right away…“

Hannibal halts for a split second and then grins a snarling smile, before returning to Wills mouth, his tongue going deep, emulating another action, robbing his breath. This time when he breaks the kiss he stays there, sharing breath and small moans, his hands digging into Will’s thighs. Will’s own hands are locked around Hannibal’s shoulders, almost cramping, trying very hard to not lose his head just now. Hannibal hums lightly, pushing his hips forward, once, words breathed against Will’s mouth.

„There are other ways to taste you.“

Will moans and lets his head drop back, Hannibal descending on his throat as if starved, mapping it out with licks and nips, his hands coming back up slowly. There is a tearing sound and Hannibal pulls up again, ripping Will’s jacket and the underlying shirt apart with jerky

movements, the muscles rippling. Will swallows, his throat dry, feeling utterly out of his depth, vaguely annoyed at being so passive. He watches as Hannibal drops his gaze down, before almost freezing, his gaze locked to Will's stomach. Will exhales quietly, another piece clicking into place, the puzzle that is them slowly taking shape. His hands skim down Hannibal's shoulders and arms slowly, before coming to rest on Hannibal's hands, still clutching the tatters of his shirt.

„I thought you had seen it when you dressed me in Italy or on Muskrat farm, or redressed me at Wolf Trap…"

Hannibal's jaw works for a moment before he clicks his tongue, lightly, his voice sounding far away somehow.

„It was not my right. I did not touch it."

Will tilts his head, vaguely amused.

„And now it is your right?"

Hannibal's eyes rise very slowly, a dark fire in them, scathing in intensity.

„You have freed me."

Will swallows, holding the gaze.

„One could argue it was the Dragon that freed you."

Hannibal's eyes narrow, something vaguely playful crossing his features.

„One could, indeed."

Will smiles fleetingly, shifting his hip slightly forward, his voice low.

„But you don't, do you…"

Hannibal smirks for a moment, his fingers letting go of the cloth.

„No."

Will breathes the words, needing the answer suddenly, his soul aching for it.

„Why not?"

Hannibal leans forward, his fingers still hovering over the smile, his gaze intense.

„Because, my vicious boy, you bear my mark."

Hannibal's fingers descend on the scar, and Will undulates, shivering, fire spreading from Hannibal's fingertips, their locked gaze a tunnel of emotion. Hannibal leans forward even more, his fingers pressing now, narrowing Will's world down, his words almost inaudible through the thundering in Will's ears.

„And now, you will become mine, Will.“

Hannibal presses forward and takes Will’s mouth and Will moans sharply, his hands on Hannibal’s shaking and then he removes them, dropping them lower to fumble at his own belt and zipper, undoing them hastily. Hannibal growls into the kiss and then steps back, pulling Will off the sink, turning him harshly by his hip. He presses forward again immediately and Will gasps sharply, the image of them in the mirror almost overwhelming. Hannibal pulls the tatters of the shirt and jacket off, dropping them onto the floor, his hands running down Will’s back appreciatively. Will watches him in the mirror, goosebumps erupting wherever Hannibal touches, his voice slightly unsteady.

„Does reality come close to your fantasies?“

Hannibal smirks, watching his fingernail draw a slightly red line down Will’s spine.

„You have seen my sketches?“

Will snarls, eyes dark.

„Everyone has. They were evidence at your trial. As you very well know.“

Hannibal hums, smirking and Will wants to punch him, at least until Hannibal’s hands push lower and push his pants and underwear off in one go, the action so nonchalantly and matter of fact it seems surreal. He lightly taps Will’s thigh to get him to shift stance and removes the clothes and Will shakes his head slightly, prompting Hannibal.

„What is it, Will.“

Will snorts lightly, emphasizing with a light shrug.

„I just… I never thought our first time would be over the sink. Or mine for that matter.“

Hannibal hums again, his hands tracing softly over the small indents at the base of Will’s spine, his tone slightly teasing.

„The sink has the perfect height and is something for you to hold onto as well; also it has other practical aspects. And you are clearly overthinking this, Will. Actually, the fact that you are still thinking so much must be taken care of.“

Hannibal drops to his knees and Will gives a small shout, vacillating violently between instant arousal and embarrassment, intensifying thousandfold when Hannibal pulls his cheeks apart, inhaling deeply. Will grinds out the words, hands clenched harshly on the edge of the sink, arms locked.

„I haven’t showered yet, Hannibal.“

Another inhale before the words come, the promise of more making Will’s head spin.

„I know.“

With that wet hot heat touches Will's perineum and then licks up to Will's hole and he gasps a shout again, clenching his teeth right after. Hannibal pushes his tongue deep in a no nonsense approach now, pushing his sounds of enjoyment in after and Will has to fight to stay upright, his eyes scrunched closed, trying to breathe in-between gasps, feeling himself leak profusely. It is indecently good and over way too soon and Will cannot help the disappointed noise that steals itself out, trying to control his shaking limbs. Hannibal chuckles behind him and then leans forward next to Will, rinsing out his mouth. He presses an open mouthed kiss to Will's side, a cold wet tickling sensation, raw somehow, the words a growl.

„I wished I was able to do this to you properly, now. Alas, I believe we may not have the time."

Will moans, his heart picking up speed at the urgency in Hannibal's voice, missing the click of the little tube. Two cold fingers press in, and Will hisses, turned to moans when those fingers press down at a certain angle, lights going off behind his eyes. He hears Hannibal chuckle and then Hannibal drapes himself over Will's back, his teeth scratching over the meat of Wills shoulder, biting harshly without breaking skin. A sharp bite coincides with the addition of another finger and Will shouts, and has to fight to relax against the strange feeling of them moving in and out, not quite pleasant, but not truly painful either. He feels Hannibal hesitate and then push his forehead against Will's shoulder, the words quiet.

„Should I use a condom, Will?"

Will pants open mouthed, opening his eyes with an effort. He looks past his own mirror image at the top of Hannibal's head, just visible over his shoulder, moaning sharply when those fingers press down suddenly. He shudders and then shakes his head, little droplets of sweat flying, wondering at himself, the answer nonetheless clear.

„No. Nothing between us."

He can feel Hannibal shift, pulling back a bit and Will's breathing picks up speed, knowing quite well why, almost feeling like panicking. Hannibal's left hand smoothes down his flank and up again, and Hannibal hushes him softly, drawing himself up behind Will. He lines up slowly, just holding, the ice cold and scorching hot pressure almost too much already. Will looks up and locks their gazes and Hannibal licks his lips, his eyes blackish red, fathomless deep. He tightens his grip on Will's hips even more and then raises his eyebrows, whispering.

„Look at me. Don't hide. Give yourself to me."

Hannibal lowers his voice even more, eyes burning.

„To us…"

He presses forward and Will roars, baring his teeth, not daring to break their mirrored gaze, the red hot heat forcing itself in threatening to burn him alive. The intensity takes his voice after a moment, his breath, his fingers white where they grip the sink. Hannibal bottoms out, face drawn and tight with concentration, his eyes boring into Will's. Hannibal falls forward just slightly, laying himself out over Will's back again lightly, his chest hair tickling just

under Will's shoulder blades. His hands release the grip on Will's hips slowly, and Will sobs, feeling way too full, the sensation barely pleasant, painfully intense. Hannibal tilts his head a bit, his hands petting Will's flanks gently before moving around, his left hand coming up to trace the fingers along the scar on Will's stomach, accompanied by an almost inaudible groan. Will groans with him, breaths increasing the closer the hand gets to the entry point of that knife back then, feeling pinned between past and future, speared open beyond compare. He sighs a breathed moan when Hannibal reaches the entry point, feels the effect pulse within himself, the realization beyond intimate and erotic. He licks his lips and then looks at Hannibal through heavily lidded eyes, repeating the words, voice raw.

„Give yourself to me… to us."

Hannibal snarls and then rolls his hips, ending in an aborted thrust, still very slow, his right hand coming down to enclose Will's cock very lightly, just hinting. He does it again, slowly establishing a rhythm and it hurts and yet it does not, it's too much and not enough and there is a part of Will that never wants it to end. It must show on his face because Hannibal's expression softens imperceptibly and so do his thrusts, hitting that spot inside now on every downward push. Will can feel it gather in the base of his spine and he fights the urge to close his eyes, concentrating on that fight, knowing there is no stopping when Hannibal's hand closes around his cock, slippery and oh so good. Hannibal's expression softens a bit more and he stills and Will mewls, starting to move his hips now on his own, chasing the sensations, forcing himself back onto Hannibal and into his hand, sacrificing his gaze. Hannibal's gaze becomes hungry and intense, but it's the whispered „yes, Will" that does it, the orgasm a whiteout in agonized pleasure, painting the sink, taking Will's sight. He comes down from the high constantly moaning, feeling Hannibal still hot and heavy inside. Hannibal presses a shaking kiss in-between his shoulder blades and then pulls him back and out, making Will hiss.

Hannibal stops for a long second and then bodily turns Will, pulling him close with both hands on his head, kissing Will deep. He pulls him down to the cold floor with him, rolling until he is on top, drawing back to look at Will with a weird expression on his face, a vulnerable wildness that tugs at Will's heart. Will swallows, his hair fanned out around him on the bathroom floor and he reaches up, tracing the soft skin under Hannibals left eye for a moment before silently spreading his legs, pulling Hannibal close with a hand in his hair.

Will holds Hannibal for a long moment and then kisses him, the first kiss Will truly initiates, and he can feel the shudder run through Hannibal, settling down onto him slowly. Hannibal breaks the kiss and noses through the stubble on Will's jaw before he realigns and pushes himself in again, making Will grit his teeth on a groan. It's too dry and too much and never enough and Will pulls his legs up and locks them behind Hannibal's back, pulling him in with shaking hands and he's the one watching now, watching as Hannibal breaks a bit more with every push, silence between them now, watching each other, almost meditative. Hannibal stills eventually, gasping Will's name, the impression of hot pressure inside for a moment incredibly erotic and possessive, before lowering his head, hiding his gaze.

Will's finger flex in Hannibal's hair for a long moment and then he pushes Hannibal's head down into his neck, feeling the salty wetness trail down and drop to the floor, cleansing them both.

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Will dresses slowly in the clothes Hannibal picks out for him, his body aching and sore in various places, the clothes emulating a slightly updated version of the first outfit they wore all those years back for their first meeting, Will in a shirt and pants, Hannibal in a tan sweater, looking positively harmless.

He takes his time combing his still wet hair, the shower they took together, after, a quiet and somber affair. He looks at Hannibal in the mirror, watching Hannibal watching him, feeling almost feverishly homesick for a domesticy they never were able to share before, and probably never will. He clears his throat before turning, watching as the person suit reassembles itself, hiding that which only he was allowed to see and it almost physically hurts Will to witness it.

Hannibal raises his chin after a moment, looking collected and genial, distanced. He steps close, his left hand coming up to hover at Will's jaw, the seconds stretching. Hannibal swallows and then drops his hand, turning away in a business-like manner.

„Put your ring back on for our tête-a-tête with the Dragon. He thinks we're married after all."

Will puts it on after a moment, not bothering to correct Hannibal in regards to the ring, adrenaline and anticipation settling deep within his gut.

„He takes out the husband first with a gun. "

Hannibal looks back over his shoulder, clicking his tongue with a small smirk.

„We will have to change the script then… If he cannot shoot you without injuring me we might force him to abandon his plan."

Will weighs his head a bit.

„Or cut it short."

Hannibal quips slightly, the undertone stifling.

„No risk, no fun."

He looks at Will for a long time and then steps out of the bedroom, returning to the living room. Will can hear him rummage around the bottles in the little kitchen, no doubt looking for a suitable wine. He closes his eyes for a moment and then follows, stepping up to the window, the world outside feeling far away.

"You're playing games with yourself in the dark of the room..."

Will inhales quietly before turning around silently, entering their dance, feeling for all the world as if in free fall, the ground rushing up, threatening to swallow him whole. He blinks and the past hours fade to a dream in another life, just out of reach, thirsted for and aching.

And Will yearns, desperately, the decision already made, reality knitting itself together around his will to make a way, impossibly tempting, if only he dared to take the jump.

End Notes

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Kudos and comments feed my muse!
Let me know what you think?

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!